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Cruelest Lie—or Truest Mercy?

The Amazing Deception Which Sent the Beautiful Spy
Mata Hari, Rouged, Perfumed
and Happy, to Face a Firing
Squad Whose Guns She
Believed Were Loaded
with Blanks

Two Pictures of Mata-Hari,
the Oriental Dancer and
Most Dangerous Spy of the
War, Whose Death Agony
Furnishes the Mystery That
Is Now Exciting Paris—
"The Woman With the
Body of a Goddess and the
Charms of a Demon."



"With a gay and voluptuous gesture Mata-Hari buried her face in her orange blossom bouquet, confident that the execution squad would fire only blank cartridges at her."



PARIS, Aug. 12.
EVERYBODY has heard and wondered at the way Mata-Hari, the fascinating Dutch Oriental dancer and spy, went to her death.

She was gayly dressed and acted as though she was enjoying a dramatic triumph instead of going to her execution. Was it the supreme courage of the woman that led her to face death so easily? Even at the time many persons thought it was not rational that a woman who had become a spy for money should laugh at death. Was it not more probable that there was some other reason, hitherto concealed, for her strangely frivolous behavior?

A widely circulated report has become current in France that Mata-Hari had received a promise that she should be allowed to escape at the last moment, and that this accounted for her gay and callous demeanor.

The report appears to have originated with some friends of the picturesque and brilliant young Frenchman, Pierre de Morissac, who is now in retirement and exile and was a devoted admirer of the dancer. Those who spread the story are unwilling to discuss it now, as they fear it will bring them into trouble. The French Government has ordered a searching investigation into the whole subject, with a view of finding out what truth there is in the current reports, and if they are substantiated of punishing all persons who were guilty of trifling with the gravest acts of state.

Mata-Hari, who had been intimate with some of the richest of the financiers and "jeunesse doree" of France, Germany, England and other countries, was convicted, after very prolonged proceedings, of selling certain secrets of the tanks and other military information to the Germans. Several highly placed Frenchmen made the most strenuous efforts to save her life. In spite of the possible danger to themselves, and among them not the least prominent was the gallant Pierre de Morissac, one of the latest of her admirers. She obtained an appeal from her first conviction by the court-martial, and her execution was in consequence delayed about three months, but the evidence of her guilt was so overwhelming, her acts of treason so numerous that the higher court could do nothing but confirm her sentence. On October 8, 1917, the beautiful Mata-Hari, "the woman with the body of a goddess and the charms of a demon," was taken in a military automobile, under a guard of soldiers, from her prison in Paris to the place of execution at Vincennes. It was at Vincennes that she was executed. It was at Vincennes that the traitor Bolo met his fate, and that a series of spies and traitors—one who knew how many—faced the firing squad during the great war. Vincennes has a historic reputation as a place of military execution. For it was here that Napoleon Bonaparte secretly executed the most popular member of the Bourbon family, the Duke d'Enghien.

Mata-Hari was roused before dawn in her prison in Paris and driven to Vincennes, so that her execution might take place at sunrise and be free from public observation, according to custom. She was, however, treated with the utmost courtesy and consideration up to the last moment—more like a princess than a spy. She was supplied with champagne in abundance in her cell and with dairy meals from one of the finest restaurants in Paris. She dressed in her customary costly and luxurious manner during her imprisonment. Everything that manures, hair-dressers and masseuses could do to maintain the charm and perfection of her body was freely permitted to her. Finally, when the day of execution came, she was allowed to array herself in a most dazzling manner.

She wore a diaphanous costume of Indian silk trimmed with gold lace. Her lips were rouged in the approved Parisian manner, her eyes were penciled and her

body perfumed, massaged and powdered. In her arms she carried—mark this detail—a huge bouquet of orange blossoms. Altogether she seemed more like a bride going to a wedding, an exotic Oriental sort of wedding, than a poor condemned prisoner.

And here is the reason why the condemned Mata-Hari was so gay and libidinous. Some one high in authority, it is whispered, said to her before the execution:

"Mata-Hari, we are not going to kill you. You are too beautiful to die. I could not prevent the death sentence from being passed, but I have arranged that it shall not be carried into effect. When the soldiers are called to attention, preparatory to the order to fire, bury your face in this bouquet of orange blossoms. It will help you to maintain your composure. When you hear the report of the rifles fall to the ground, as though you were dead."

"They will fire blank cartridges, that will not harm even the surface of your beautiful skin. Do not make any outcry. Do not show any fear. I will take care of you afterwards."

This, then, was the reason why Mata-Hari faced her dreadful fate, not merely with calmness, but with brazen gaiety. When she arrived at Vincennes the military commandant took her record, according to the rites. She answered his questions with a gay toss of the head and a flash of her dark eyes. Without delay she was led to the parade ground.

The officer in command consulted her as to how she wished to face the firing squad. With the utmost nonchalance she declared that she would remain standing, with her eyes unbandaged. Before taking up her position, she executed a pirouette with all her old dancer's skill. Her frivolity amused the soldiers and filled them with a certain admiration. Her disregard of death has since then been common talk among old soldiers.

"I am ready whenever you are, my children," she called out cheerfully. "Fire straight at my heart."

At the word of command twenty soldiers raised their rifles to their shoulders. Mata-Hari buried her face in her great bouquet of orange blossoms with a voluptuous gesture.

"Fire!" rang out the command. Mata-Hari crumpled to the earth, her body pierced by nearly twenty bullets. Someone had fooled her. But what was the meaning of this tragic fooling?

Did somebody tell her she would be saved just to spare her feelings, to save her from the agony of anticipating death and to prevent the painful scenes which a woman might easily have caused? Was it really kindness to deceive her? Was it really kindness to deprive her? Was it really kindness to deprive her? Was it really kindness to deprive her?

That the deception was due to one of these causes is the opinion of half of those who have heard of the strange episode. On the other hand, there are others who believe that the plan to rescue her was the work of a lover; that it was meant to be carried through successfully, and that through some other official's act the scheme was frustrated. The great problem, then, is to find out if anybody had the power to save her and who it was that interfered with his scheme.

According to an article, who moved in the same circle as Mata-Hari and her friends, the man who told her that he would rescue her added these words after those already quoted: "After you have fallen to the earth the soldiers will go away. Then I will pick up



The Intrigue of "La Tosca" and the Roman Chief of Police, a Historic Episode That Closely Resembles the Story of Mata-Hari's Death.

your body tenderly, put it in a coffin, and transport it over the frontier into Spain, where we can live happily. Have no fear, dear heart."

There is a horrible accusation in speculating what must have been the agony of Mata-Hari when for an instant she felt the touch of the bullets and knew that she had been fooled. How much suffering it is possible to compress into the brief space in which one can feel the deadly impact of the bullet before life departs? There are some who argue that a lifetime of suffering can be compressed into an instant. If that be so, Mata-Hari must have suffered to the full, for she loved life to the uttermost, and she thought that she had been tricked would have been unpeakable torment.

If Mata-Hari's death was due to a functionary who deceived her, would-be rescuer it bears a curious resemblance to the famous drama of "La Tosca," which is well known to have been founded on actual events of the Napoleonic period in Rome. In that case the singer "Tosca" had obtained from the chief of police, in return for the promise of her favors, an order that the soldiers should fire blank cartridges at her condemned lover. At the same time the vil-

lains chief gave secret orders that they should shoot to kill. Thus poor Tosca had the agony of watching the killing of her lover when she was anticipating the delight of leading him away to safety.

Pierre de Morissac, whom the Parisian club world insists on associating with the Mata-Hari tragedy, was one of the most brilliant figures in Paris. He won the Cross of the Legion of Honor in the war and was desperately wounded. Then he became known as the latest and most infatuated of the many lovers of Mata-Hari. He has repented of all his follies and extravagances and to-day is atoning for the past as a bare-footed monk in the cloisters of the Carthus of Miraflores, near Burgos, in Spain.

Mata-Hari, in many ways the most sinister and picturesque figure of the war, was the daughter of a Dutch East Indian planter and a native woman. She learned to dance as a temple girl, married a Scotch baronet, Sir Malcolm MacLeod, whom she deserted, and then went to Europe. Her first successes as a dancer were made in Germany, and there she attracted a circle of admirers, including several prominent noblemen and financiers. It was then that the German secret service planned to use her as a spy.

Forced to Choose Between Her Two "Ice" Husbands!

The Unique Dilemma Which Confronted Pretty Little Mrs. Curtis —Just as It Might Have the Heroine of the Famous "Enoch Arden."

And How Mr. Curtis —Quite Unlike Enoch Arden—Wooded and Won Her Back from the Old Suitor Who Had Married Her Thinking Her a War Widow



Henry Curtis, the Husband Who Was Thought Dead and Who Won His Wife Back.



Mrs. Henry Curtis-Peel-Curtis, the Heroine of a Very "Different" Enoch Arden Romance.



Eugene Peel, Who Married Mrs. Curtis, Believing, as She Did, That Her First Husband Was Dead.

PRETTY little Mrs. Henry Curtis, of Carthage, Missouri, has just passed through one of the most puzzling, unreasoning and generally unwise experiences a girl has ever had to undergo. Mrs. Curtis had to choose between two husbands—not other women's husbands! That, in these days, would perhaps not be so unusual. No. Each was her own husband, married in perfectly good faith and both of them well loved.

Indeed, that was one of the things that made the problem so disconcerting. For, as Mrs. Curtis says, "each one of my husbands was ideal!"

The reasons for Mrs. Curtis' predicament were precisely those embroiled to posterity in that famous idyll of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Poor Enoch, it will be remembered, wooed and won his village sweetheart; then went to sea, was cast away and after a decent lapse of time Anne Lee, his wife, thinking him dead, married an older suitor.

And Arden, returning, peeping through the cottage window, saw them together, realized the situation and determined, as Tennyson sings, "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

Mrs. Curtis' "Enoch Arden" did not elude to disappear into the night!

Instead, he stayed and won his wife back again. How he did it and the progress of the whole affair make one of those romances that are usually seen only in the movies, but, when occurring in real life, have all the enthralling interest of flesh and blood over canvas, screen and shadow.

It was six years ago that Esther Warren, young, attractive, well born and of a family accounted wealthy in Carthage, was the belle of her city. Rich miners from the zinc fields—for Carthage is in the world's greatest zinc centre—country swains and men from the big cities on visits to the properties that netted them millions, paid court to her. Among her suitors were two upon whom she smiled

most frequently: One, Eugene Peel, and another, some years younger than he, Henry Curtis.

And after a while the girl's heart turned to the latter. Peel, wishing them all luck, but no longer contented to dwell in a place that could hold for him hereafter only sorrowful memories, went to Kansas City.

All went well with the young Curtises for a little more than a year and then the world war broke out. From the beginning Curtis was unhappy.

"I must do my bit," he said. "But you are an American, and what about me?" she asked.

"What about the wives of all those who are fighting?" he replied.

A little longer Curtis stayed. And then, seeing that his desire to take part in the fight was too great to be borne, his wife let him go. He donned the Canadian uniform in 1915, and in less than two months was sent to Belgium. His first letters to the waiting little woman in Carthage were filled with cheer and courage and vivid accounts of the nobility of the service.

And then came letters telling her of the hardships he was suffering and how he longed to return to their little rose-covered nest in Carthage.

There came a time when weeks went by without a letter from him. And then, after the second battle of Mons, she received from the British Government a brief message saying that her husband had been gassed and had died in a hospital in France!

For many days after the news had come to her, the shades of what had been her love nest were tightly drawn and for long Mrs. Curtis closed herself there and mourned the loss of the man who had held what she thought his duty greater than their love. And only after long, and weeks did she appear on the streets of Carthage in the sombre black of the widow.

Peel, learning of what had happened, hurried from his office in Kansas City to extend her sympathy and, if he could, help. And the first sight of his old sweetheart fanned his love flame up afresh. He stayed in Carthage, courting her cautiously, and after months of wooing she began to put aside her sombre garb for gay colors. The two were seen driving about the country roads in the moonlight. And at last, believing as did Peel, that Curtis was dead and buried in the soldier's grave in France, she felt her old interest reviving in the rejected suitor. In September, 1918, she became Mrs. Peel.

They went to Kansas City to live, taking quarters in the fashionable Metropole. Followed for the two, three full years of perfect wedded happiness.

It was in May, 1919, that Peel was "forced to leave his wife and go to California. The stay proved longer than he had expected. But each day brought letters from Mrs. Peel telling of her loneliness and her love for him. The letters suddenly came not day by day, but weekly.

Then, after another month, they ceased altogether!

Although he had not completed his work in the West, Peel boarded a train bound for Kansas City to quiet the fear and doubt within his heart. Hurrying to the Metropole, he found to his amazement that Mrs. Peel not many days before had left there and had gone without leaving a forwarding address. For days the anxious husband

roamed the streets in search of his missing wife. A trip to the old home in Carthage did nothing more than to deepen the mystery. Mrs. Peel, so her mother said, had not written home for many weeks.

Then, one day, while walking the Kansas City streets searching every face he passed, his quest came abruptly and amazingly to an end. He stood face to face not only with his

missing wife, but with the husband whose place he had taken and whose body should have been nothing but bones in the soldier's grave in France!

"Esther!" was all that Peel could say. "I could not help it, Gene," she said.

"When Harry came back to me I knew that I loved him more than I did you. And he is my husband!"

"It was not my fault, Peel," said Curtis.

"I was ill for months in the hospital. I was delicious and could not tell who I was. All my marks of identification had been lost and it was long before I had strength to move, or the will to do so. No one knew me and as I was missing the Army Bureau thought that I was dead. As soon as I could I came back to America to find my wife!"

"I found her yours!"

"Yet, as I was not dead, she was still my wife. My love for her was as great as ever—greater, because I had been through the furnace of war, where unrealities are burned away and man learns to know the truth!"

And it appeared, unlike Enoch Arden, Curtis had determined to win back the wife he had so strangely lost. When he at first appeared Mrs. Peel, or Mrs. Curtis, had fainted at the shock. Then she had plied with him to leave her—to seek a divorce. Curtis refused, and during the weeks of Peel's absence he had wooed his wife just as he had in the old days before.

At the last she had made her decision. The old love she had pledged six years before proved to be the stronger. She eloped with Curtis, her actual legal husband!

Peel for the second time stepped down and out of Esther's life and gave her her freedom by suing for a divorce. The divorce was granted recently, and her former husband Carthage is again swamping the tattered shops with orders for frocks to be worn at Mrs. Esther Curtis-Peel-Curtis' third wedding.

When Peel's divorce petition was taken before Judge Clarence A. Burney, the Judge, after reading the plea, scratched his judicial head and adjourned his judicial sessions.

"This is the most unique divorce case ever brought before me," said the Judge. "It is my belief that it is not necessary for court proceedings to free Peel of his marriage obligations. However, I am going to grant the plaintiff a divorce. It may be that sometime during the years to come Peel may have a more fortunate matrimonial venture, and in that case it may ease the mind of the future Mrs. Peel to know that the present unhappy tangle has been legally and entirely straightened out."

To a representative of this magazine Mrs. Curtis-Peel-Curtis said: "Few women have been called upon to select between two husbands as I have. In deciding my future I allowed only my heart to be my guide. I am sure that I love Henry more than I do Eugene. Both of my husbands have been ideal men, and I feel that I have had more than my share of happiness, because I have known each of these real men so intimately.

"Mr. Peel, in obtaining a divorce, again has proved his sterling character. There are men in the world who would have resorted to fraud or some other awful means to have solved their problem.

"Years ago, when I first met Mr. Curtis and Mr. Peel, my interest in both was evenly divided. Then, there came that little something into my heart which made the scales balance in Mr. Curtis' favor. I realized I was in love with him. When I found that love for Mr. Curtis had crept into my life to replace our friendship I told Mr. Peel so. He immediately ceased his attentions and left Carthage so that I might be alone with my sweetheart. "Of course, I was heartbroken when my

husband first suggested that he leave home and join the army, but after sober thinking, and realizing what a noble soul he was for gambling his life to do his part to free poor little Belgium, I was consoled.

"Then came that awful death message. It was months before I realized that Henry was gone and that I was really a widow. Then came Mr. Peel with his expressions of sympathy. He was noble and did everything in his power to cheer me.

"An the days slowly passed my heart became softened to my new protector. I knew that I could never love Mr. Peel as I had Henry, but I was young and felt that if my first husband could speak he would tell me to marry.

"After days of coaxing I finally decided to wed the second time. My honeymoon with Mr. Peel was ideal, and as I took back upon those days I seem as if I were in a dream. Then came the return of my real lover. I was swept from my feet. It was like meeting a dear one returned from the grave. He explained how the English Government had caused our peculiar situation. In my delight of seeing Henry I forgot Eugene!

"Mr. Curtis and I finally decided to elope and get away from it all. I realize now that I should have written and told Mr. Peel of Mr. Curtis' return, but I feared what might follow. I decided upon the easiest way and disappeared with my real husband.

"Please say for me that Mr. Peel is indeed an ideal man and husband. I have nothing but fondest remembrances in my heart for him, and can truthfully say that he will make a perfect husband for any woman. I hope I shall always be his very dearest and sincere friend."

In his testimony in the Circuit Court when seeking a divorce, Peel told the jury that his wife's conduct during those short three years was perfect.



And the Modern Enoch Arden Recovers by Divorce His Wife.



1. In the Old Days Curtis Won the Belle of Carthage from His Rival, Peel.



2. And They Were Married.



3. Curtis Enlisted With the Canadians When War Broke Out.



4. Mrs. Curtis Receives the News of His Death in France.



5. Peel Marries the Supposed Widow, After Courtship.



6. When, Unexpectedly, Curtis, Recovered, Comes Back.



7. Love for the First Husband Returns; the Second Goes.

Funny Charlie Chaplin—He Could Only Make His Wife Cry!



Charlie Chaplin in a Care-Free, Gay Scene and Behaving Just the Way He Did Not, His Wife Says, So Far as She Was Concerned.

NO recent case of broken romance and once fond hearts estranged has created such interest as the suit for divorce by Mrs. Charlie Chaplin against her husband, the world famous funny man of the motion pictures. The charges brought by Mrs. Chaplin are "mental cruelty" and failure of her husband to provide for her.

Among the millions whom Charlie Chaplin has made laugh there have probably been many who have thought how care-free and amusing the lot of the woman who was his wife. No woman, it would seem, could ever have the blues or be anything but cheerful with so wittily-provoking a companion. Yet strangely enough there are no sadder, more pessimistic people than the professional humorists, who seem to use up all their store of cheer in their output. And, according to Mrs. Chaplin, Charlie Chaplin was no exception. Here she tells what she alleges is the real inside story of her life with the funniest man on earth—so far as the camera is concerned.

Mr. Chaplin has denied all that Mrs. Chaplin charges in her suit, and has expressed himself as being much surprised at her decision to force the issue. He will, it is said, bring counter suit against her on grievances of his own, and incidentally alleges that, despite her charge of penury, he spent over \$60,000 in about eighteen months in housekeeping expenses, although during that time Mrs. Chaplin herself was earning \$1,000 a week.

By Mrs. Charlie Chaplin
(In an interview)

I AM quite ready to admit that my marriage to Charlie Chaplin was a mistake. It was a mistake on his part, because he is a genius, and geniuses should not marry. He would better be free and remain free, for he will make any woman he marries miserable, I know.

We have been married for three years. For two of those years we lived under the same roof, more or less. That is, if greeting a husband after long disappearances might be said to be living under the same roof with him.

If lying awake, weeping and wondering where your husband is, until 4 or 5 o'clock in the morning can really be called living. If wrangling over every bill that comes in can be called living.

If living on the scale of an income of \$550 a week, when your husband earns \$12,000 a week, can be called living.

If having your wardrobe censored and a standard of two or three dresses and one hat established may be considered an existence.

If being told to keep your head down so that no man will see your face is living. If hearing that meat and potatoes and pudding are enough for a man and ice cream and salads are silly and useless really stands for proper living.

If being constantly accused of flirting by a man who is causelessly jealous is living. All this and more I endured—and for twelve months. That is the reason I hesitate to say that we lived under the same roof. It wasn't living. It was perdition itself.

It has been said that a comedian is only funny in public. I believe it. In fact, I know it. Charlie Chaplin, who has made millions laugh, only caused me tears. So it was better that we should separate. Better that there be a divorce. I have seen him since my suit for divorce began. We met in the office of my lawyer in Los Angeles.

When we parted he said: "Mindred, you are right. I should never have married. I know it now. You probably will marry soon. If you do I hope you will be happy. I shall never marry again." And when we looked at each other sadly—a funny man and his wife.

That the public may not be misled by strange, false rumors I will tell for once and finally, unless I tell it in court, the story of the funny man who could only make his wife cry.



Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, Who Is Suing for Divorce on the Grounds of "Mental Cruelty" and Failure to Support—and Two Pictures of Charlie With His Famous Hat, Little Moustache and Ridiculous Shoes.

not even with his wife, as was invariably impressed upon me on hill day. He thought my hills for dresses outrageous. He said: "You are married. You don't need expensive dresses. You have captured me. I am yours."

I used to reply: "But my dear, I wear pretty clothes to keep you. Marriage ought to be a winning over and over of the lord of our hearts." He did not even listen. I had lost him again. I was always losing his attention. He is the most preoccupied man on earth. For this there is a good reason, I confess. He invents his own characters and writes his sketches and acts in them. That is the work of two or three men. Instead of staying at home with me, in our big, lonely house on the hill, he left me cowering with fear, as a child cowers in the dark, afraid of harmless things, while he went forth to walk the streets at night.

He walked, as I have said, until 4 or 5 in the morning. He was looking for types, he was seeking characters and materials for his comedies. He seemed to forget I was in the world. I was not in his mind or thought.

He used to leave home and visit our friends. He would be gone for days and weeks. He stayed with friends at Berkeley Hills for two months. That was when I used for divorce. During these absences there would not be a word from him. Then he would come back and resume the old gloomy life.

One thing that bored me was that he wanted to read deep books. Some time I shall grow into an understanding of them. But I haven't yet reached that stature. He would read these books to me by the hour and would insist that I read them. Yet sometimes I found that Charlie fooled me. When I really read the books I read them. I devoted into them.

And when I would talk to him about the plots and characters I found he had only a surface knowledge of them! My lord was guilty of skimming a book. There are literary people. And yet Mr. Chaplin is ambitious. He wants to leave off the funny little walk and the baggy trousers

and queer little moustache. Like all comedians, he wants to be serious. He longs to play tragedies. He used to rehearse tragic parts to me. Fancy Charlie Chaplin as Hamlet! If the incongruity struck me and I laughed he flew into a fury and called me the essence of silliness. That essence of silliness is a euphemism. You wouldn't print what he called me.

Although his life and thoughts were so far from mirth, yet he was madly jealous. His life had not been sheltered as mine was. In those days while he was growing up in Europe he had not known the best women. He was surprised when I did not drink nor smoke cigarettes. He thought it a prurish pose. And he could not believe that the men whom I had known before I knew him were not my suitors. And it was impossible for him to believe that the men with whom I signed contracts or worked in the studios I regarded merely as cogs in the business wheel or professional associates.

While paying court to me and after our marriage he would say to me while we were in restaurants or were driving: "Keep your head down. I don't want any man to see your face." Or he would say: "Don't look at a man. He will think you are envious of his and said: 'I'll fire that fellow in the morning.'"

Yet there would be recurrences of great tenderness. While I was ill in the hospital when our baby came he took a room next to mine. He came in to see me and bent his head over me and cried. He left me a note saying: "You are the dearest little mother in the world." Even the nurses said his thoughts of me were beautiful. But our baby died three days after

And Here Mrs. Chaplin, Suing for Divorce, Tells the Sad Experiences Which Convinced Her That the Great Motion Picture Comic Star Is Only - "One Half of One Per Cent as a Husband"



Mrs. Chaplin on the Bank of the Lake at the Chaplin Home in Los Angeles.

it was born. His feeling toward me seemed to change. He grew more indifferent to me. He went away collecting material. His room at the hospital was empty. He did not even call to take me from the hospital to our home.

I insisted on moving down from the big lonely house on the hill because I was afraid. We moved down to Oxford street. Because he left me alone so much I went back to work in the studio. And he was like a mudman. We did not talk much to each other toward the last. We had little to say, because we could not agree upon vital themes.

I like domestic life. Mr. Chaplin is bohemian. I like to make life as beautiful as I can. I believe in spending money to make it so. Yet when I told him that we could not be happy together and talked of a separation he offered me \$25,000. This man, who is

not as rich as the public thinks, but who is worth at least a million!

I want to be free from such dominion as his. I want liberty to do my work and have an uncensored home.

I don't want to be made to cry any more by a funny man—not even an American husband, who is the only one hundred per cent kind.

American men are one hundred per cent husbands because they are good friends and comrades. Mr. Chaplin is a genius. He has been called the funniest man on earth. As a public entertainer he is above par. As a husband he is one-half of one per cent.

His ambition is like that of Doug and Mary. He wants to have five million dollars and travel. I shall be content with a modest living and a home. It is better that our ways parted and at a great distance.

The Hope Diamond Mystery—by May Yohe

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the "Curse" That Has Fought for Fourteen Centuries and the Story of the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels out rivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—**AND THERE IT ALL AWAY.**

May Yohe, the petted and beloved wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle. Was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

The story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which began with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "curse" stone.

Jose Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1644, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Benares, India. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was abandoned by the King.

Nicholas Fouquet, Intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, was executed by order of the King.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob.

King Louis XVI, who owned it, was beheaded.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for \$168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitowski, next owner, was killed by revolutionists.

Lorenz Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Monthermide, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Zohaba, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master.

Abdul Hamid paid \$400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jehver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was used by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1910, her only child, little Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," was crushed to death under an automobile.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted by its wicked "curse." This will be told from week to week in this page.

By May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope) CHAPTER IX.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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THE news of my marriage to Lord Francis, after our six months' trial of life together, of which I told last week, fell like a bombshell on London—as, indeed, it did over New York. London Johnnies staged many celebrations the night of the announcement in the all-night clubs and at theatre stage doors. Proud and distinguished was the Johnnie who could boast of having had a supper with or an introduction to the new Lady May—yept May Yohe.

Now I, the poor dressmaker's daughter, was in line for the strawberry crown of a duchess, for my husband was heir to the Duke of Newcastle, one of the most conservative and wealthiest Dukes in the empire. The Duke was my husband's brother. He is childless, so that with his death Lord Francis will become the Duke—and if Lord Francis should die first then his oldest son will inherit.

As the prospective Duchess of Newcastle I was in line to be mistress of famous Clumber Castle, the Newcastle seat since time immemorial. This old castle is filled with old masters, wonderful furniture and art treasures of immense value. The estate consists of 35,600 acres of land. Directly in front of the castle is a lake covering a hundred acres, and throughout the immediate grounds are numerous pieces of old and priceless statuary.

The most splendid apartment in the castle is the State Drawing Room, adorned with gilt carvings. It contains ten beautiful old cabinets from the Duke's Palace at Venice. On its walls hang Van Dyck's "Rinaldo and Armida," said to be the greatest work of that master, and a number of family portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Clumber is packed from garret to cellar with art treasures, the Sevres and Dresden porcelain being unrivalled. The present Duke has built a splendid private chapel on his estate in Gothic style. This is almost a cathedral in size. There May Yohe might have worshipped in state.

Another seat of the Duke is Forest Farm, in Windsor Forest. His town residence is Berkeley House, in Mayfair, London.

Among the hereditary and more or less ornamental honors held by the Duke are Master Forester of Dartmoor and Keeper of St. Bravel's Castle. He is also a Knight of Grace of St. John of Jerusalem, Lord High Steward of Bedford, etc.

The Duke is Lord of the Manor of Worksop, and as such has the hereditary right to provide a glove for the right hand of the King and support the King's right hand at his coronation.

The Duke has an income of \$600,000 a year, largely due to coal mines on his property.

It is really very interesting to think of all the court honors that might have fallen to me in the fulness of time. Lord Francis had inherited from his mother the great Deddington Castle and estate, quite close to London. This is one of the most beautiful of the suburban residences, and has been occupied frequently by the Duchess of Marlborough and other famous English duchesses. This house, like Clumber, contains many rare paintings and works of art. The Hope Diamond also came to Lord Francis from his mother, who, as the daughter of a wealthy banker, Thomas Hope, brought a large fortune to the Newcastle family, and when she died left it to her second son, Lord Francis.

Lord Francis' correct name is Pelham-Clinton, the family name of the Duke of Newcastle. He assumed the "Hope" that the name of his mother's family might not die out.

The country residence of Lord Francis is Castle Blaney, in County Monaghan, Ireland.

All these became mine when I became Lady Hope. And they would yet be mine if it had not been for the evil influence which threw Putnam Bradlee Strong across my path.

When I was formally introduced to society in London as the prospective Duchess of Newcastle I wore, for the first time, the great diamond.

This was a dinner given by Lord Alfred de Rothschild. It was my first society recognition, and my presence caused a great sensation.

The Prince of Wales was to be a guest, but he arrived late. When he came in there already was a tacit agreement among the others that they would snub poor little May Yohe. The Countess de Mannin walked by me with her nose upraised, looking me over quite superciliously. The Duchess of Edinburgh, whose husband had just accepted the crown of the grand duchy of Coburg-Gotha, walked up to me, looked at me and walked away as stiff as you please.

But when the Prince came in what did he do but walk straight up to me. When I curtsied he said:

"So glad, Lady May, to see you here. Now I know we won't be dull. I don't know where they have put me, but I hope they have put you beside me."

Of course there was a scurrying about to see that I was placed beside him. Then it was funny how the Countess de Mannin and the Duchess of Coburg-Gotha favored upon me. My readers may be assured I snubbed them good and plenty.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, the dinner still in progress, I said to the Prince: "My goodness, it is getting late and I have a rehearsal at 10 o'clock. I've got to go home."

"But I can't get up," said the Prince.

"What's the matter? Are you glued to your chair?" I asked.

"My dear little lady," said the Prince, "don't you know my brother, the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, is a reigning monarch now, and no one can get up until he does! But wait, I'll fix it."

He caught the eye of the Duke and made a sign. The Duke rose at once. The Prince then got up, took my arm and led me to the stairway and saw me down the steps. After that I was as popular as Lady Francis Hope in society as I was as May Yohe on the stage.

I was very happy when I went home that morning with the Hope Diamond blazing about my neck.

My experiences in London society will make a chapter of this story all by itself. I am going to tell about them a little later on. I want to tell now, after describing Lord Francis' entry into my life, how differently the other came to it—how Putnam Bradlee Strong, the Beau Brummel, the cosmopolitan and rove, came, lured by the Hope Diamond and his hopes of acquiring it and others of my costly jewels.

London society led a miserable, artificial life. There was some good in it and a great deal of bad and indifferent. Everything seemed to be built around "prestige" and "sets." A duchess, of course, was always honored and courted above a mere baroness or "lady." But if the baroness or the "lady" was a friend of the Prince of Wales or some one of the royal family, then society curtsied to the duchess, but courted the baroness or the "lady."

The glamor of this social prestige wore away. I was happy, however, with my husband, despite certain shortcomings, of which, I suppose, every good man must have his share. Lord Francis liked to read a great deal—he used to read a book when I thought he ought to be reading me. He liked to hunt, too—and I often felt that he might have spent some of the time hunting ways to enamele me that he spent hunting ways of trapping animals or catching fish.

In 1900 I was finishing a trip around the world with Lord Francis—a trip I shall tell of later, which brought me much addition and lavish entertainment. During this trip I met many famous men, and some of them obtained Lord Francis' permission to make me presents. Captain James Holford, of the Horse Guards, for instance, was a guest of Lord Francis on board the Hope yacht at

Cowes just before we started on this trip. During the evening he said to me:

"You are the most beautiful little woman I have ever seen, Lady May. I wonder if your husband would object if I should send you a little souvenir to remember this evening by?" I told him to ask Lord Francis, and he did so. Months later, when we were at Ashanti, South Africa, there was delivered to me at the hotel a package which when opened disclosed a diamond necklace, with a huge diamond pendant. With it was a card on which was written simply, "The souvenir which I wear it and think of me who love you for the splendid little woman that you are."

The card was signed Holford.

That card was signed Holford. Captain Strong pawned that jewel later for \$9,000. We were sailing, Lord Francis and I, from New York to Southampton as the last leg on our world wide trip. On the same boat passage was booked for Captain Strong, who had been assigned by President McKinley to France for the army maneuvers there. I never had met Captain Strong, but my attention was attracted to him when he came aboard, accompanied by a group of army officer friends, who had come to see him off. He was a striking figure in his dapper uniform, very military and romantic. Some said he was the son of the former Mayor of New York and one of the handsomest men in the regular army.

My cousin, Thomas Parke, a Philadelphia broker, was on board, going with us to London. That evening Tom came to me, saying, "I find I have an acquaintance on board, Captain Strong. He wants to meet you. He said he was struck by your beauty, and when he learned you were Lady Francis Hope he begged me to present him."

I told him I would be pleased to meet Captain Strong, and he was presented as soon as Lord Francis could be found. My cousin confessed to me that evening that he had not known Captain Strong, but that the latter had obtained an introduction through the captain of the boat.

Throughout the trip Captain Strong was most attentive. He cultivated Tom assiduously, and these two became fast friends. My cousin was a great admirer of me, and Captain Strong, learning this, sang my praises day and night to him. Tom brought me all the good things Captain Strong had to say about me, and I was quite flattered, for Captain Strong soon became the life of the ship. He was a fascinating man, with a suave gallantry which charmed women. I never have known a woman who, after being thrown in Captain Strong's company for a while, did not fall in love with him—wife or maid or widow, it was always the same.

Lord Hope paid little attention to my activities. He professed to be pleased that I should enjoy myself, and was satisfied to be a spectator to my triumphs. Captain Strong was most respectful to him, and seemed to know just how to humor him. Strong drew me out about my early experiences, and was wonderfully sympathetic when I told him of my early troubles and enthusiasm when I recounted my successes. He knew men and women attached to every court in Europe, and was a splendid conversationalist.

He made no advances to me at all during the trip. Had he done so I would have repulsed him without hesitation. Instead, though, he talked to me of my husband, and congratulated me on keeping "an English lord" in love with me. "They are so careless about their women usually, you know," he said, echoing just what was in my heart, "and once they have caught them think the romance-job is done. Instead, a man should be a sweet

heart always, I think—always planning to humor his wife, to surprise her with little unexpected attentions, to keep her on the same distant plane she occupied as his fiancée. You should be happy to have found a Britisher who still remains your lover."

Of course, Captain Strong knew I hadn't found a Britisher who thought it worth while to still be my sweet heart. He just acted as if he thought that, knowing that he was hitting me in a vulnerable spot, without my realizing that he knew. Unconsciously I began to think how much happier I would be and how much brighter the world would be if my husband were as attentive and thoughtful as this Captain Strong evidently would be if he were in my husband's shoes.

When a woman begins to think of that comparison between her husband and another man she is slipping. If the other man is clever he will land her for the fall. And Captain Strong was beyond all things else clever.

When we reached Southampton the Duke of Newcastle met us with a special train. Strong was near by when the Duke approached and was presented to him. Lord Hope made the presentation, saying to his brother, "Captain Strong is a good friend. He made the trip across very pleasant for us."

The Duke invited the Captain to go up to London with us on the Duke's train, and during the trip he extended this invitation to include dinner with the dual party at the Carlton.

For this dinner I got out all the Hope jewels and my own as well as picked from them the most attractive, including the Hope Diamond. Something prompted me to want to look my best, although at that time my thoughts of Captain Strong never had strayed from the boundaries of my imposed upon a good wife. Yet, somehow, I wanted to impress this gentleman of the world who had been so attentive to me. It was the first sign of what was to come.

The gown I wore was a replica of the gown worn by the Empress Eugenie in her most famous painting. With me it was the big diamond, shining at the bodice and my own jewels, worth more than half a million dollars' worth, supplementing everything, it, I must have been very impressive.

That evening Lord Francis invited Strong to accompany us and spend a few days at Folkestone, a country in my place of ours. My mother was staying here while we were going around the world. He accepted, of course, and during the next few days there he almost ignored me, as so busy was he with attentions to Lord Francis. I inwardly snubbed him, however, that he was playing a game—and I was although I did not admit it to myself, or I might have been warned. He merely was making up to Lord Francis at his, my husband, so he could pay me attentions with more safety later on.

Sure enough, after a few days, when I announced that I was going to Paris to see some theatrical agents who had



May Yohe and her jinnichka and picturesque native attendant.

May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

Followed Its Owners



Photograph of May Yohe and Putnam Bradlee Strong in native Japanese costumes while they were living in Japan.

May Yohe and Captain Strong at the famous Roman dinner they gave in Japan. The dinner lasted three days and nights, and included the rarest of wines and cordials. It cost \$30,000, which May Yohe paid. Guests included famous stage beauties, wealthy tourists and young diplomatic attaches, as well as native officials. Soon after this bacchanalian event May Yohe's money ran out and Captain Strong began pawning her diamonds.



used to give me alluring contracts, Captain Strong told that he, too, must make a trip to Paris, and teased the hope he might see me there. Lord Francis te up at once: "Why don't you two run over on the boat?" You will be company for each other, and I know "say is in good hands."

Captain Strong expressed delight, but doubted that I would be "bored" with him. I was quite "bored," however, and so we went to Paris on the same boat, Captain Strong very attentive and kind.

In Paris he sent me candles and flowers every day, cousin came over to help me with the contracts, and Captain Strong took him into his hotel, and now, with my in present to make a party, took us everywhere—to the best restaurants and theatres. He just showered with his courtesies, and as we saw more of each other went to notice more and more a sort of sadness in his face, an ineffable wistful, longing, whenever he looked at me. Tom saw it, too, and joked me about it. I began feel sorry for the Captain, for I thought perhaps he had become smitten with me during our many meetings, and was trying to hide his feelings. My here will see how gradually the ground went out from

under me, and how cleverly Captain Strong pulled the strings that tugged at my heart. Always he stood before me, my ideal of the devoted, impulsive, romantic man I would like my husband to be. Meantime Lord Francis was paying little attention to me—letting me go about my own affairs, always kind, but never exhibiting any of the little tendernesses which are so dear to a woman.

After my return to London, having refused to sign the contracts offered me, my agents in New York cabled me to come over for the "Giddy Throng." Lord Francis said he could not come, but for me to go along and return for a while, if I could, before rehearsals. I said good-by to Captain Strong in the presence of my husband and boarded the boat. What was my surprise when the boat sailed to meet Captain Strong on deck. He laughingly said he could not bear to say good-by to me so shortly, and that he was going as far as Cherbourg and stretch the ceremony of parting that far anyway. This just struck me as a rather delicious escapade, and I entered into the spirit of it.



May Yohe in her Japanese home in Yokohama, where, she and Mr. Strong were happy for a time. This villa was originally built for King Edward when, as Prince of Wales, he made his famous trip around the world.

"Why, Captain," I said laughingly, "you make me feel quite like a guilty wife—as if I were doing something delightfully wicked. I just tremble at the thought of what my husband would say if he knew you had stolen back aboard the boat."

Captain Strong sobered immediately. He looked at me with the familiar sadness and longing in his eyes. "I wonder if being so wicked as you play at being would really be delightful—with me as the other part of the wicked bargain!" he said. "I like it awfully, if you and I were eloping now, and you were leaving your husband behind and were to become my wife. But I mustn't talk that way. Forgive me. I'm getting off at Cherbourg, and you mustn't think of what I've said again."

But I did think of it again. I couldn't help it. When I got to New York I found a cablegram awaiting me for every day at sea. At my hotel there were great banks of flowers in the apartments I had reserved, and among them was the florist's card with Captain Strong's name written on it. Every morning with daylight came a new cablegram—each just saying "Good morning." And every afternoon came a new bunch of flowers with a card on which the florist had written, under cabled instructions from Captain Strong, "Good afternoon."

Presently I found myself thinking more about Captain Strong's whereabouts, what he was doing, what he might be thinking about, etc., than of the same things in connection with my husband. When I caught myself at this errantry I put such vagrant thoughts aside, but it was such a joy in my life, this having someone who seemed to be thinking of just me all the time, that I was not as firm with myself as I should have been.

There came a time when I was very ill with pneumonia. Meantime Lord Francis had come to America with his brother, the Duke, for some tarpon fishing in Tampa Bay, Florida. I had never written Captain Strong even so much as a postal card, but a friend of his in New York, who called upon me occasionally, must have cabled him that I was ill. As fast as a boat could get to America the Captain came over, and much to my astonishment walked into my room at the hospital one morning as early as the nurse would admit him. Of course, he brought a huge cluster of flowers, and was almost broken-hearted when the nurse assured him there was nothing he could do for me. He asked if he might not come each night and sit on a bench in the hall outside my door—just to make sure, he said, he would be close if some emergency should arise. The nurse smiled and told him she was afraid his presence, watching, waiting, would worry me. When he had gone the nurse said to me: "That is the kind of man God ought to give every woman."



May Yohe's adopted Japanese daughter, Miss Yori Komatsu.

I only laughed a little, but I found myself agreeing with her. The Captain's apparent deep concern over my condition, his eagerness to sit on that bench outside my door all night long, willing to just sit there with the knowledge that he was close to me, even if not with me, was more soothing to me than I would admit. I thought of it all that morning—and then that afternoon came the reply to a telegram my physicians had sent during the night to Lord Francis.

My physicians had begun to fear for my recovery. They had wired my husband as follows:

"Wife dangerous condition. Recovery not assured. She asks you hurry here."

The reply read: "Sorry can't come now. Midst of fishing season. Departure would seriously disarrange trip. Advice of developments."

I dropped the telegram to the floor. That instant I became the property, body, soul and mind, of Putnam Bradlee Strong—although neither he nor I knew it yet.

Captain Strong read the telegram. He came over to me, put his arms around me for the first time, and said: "Poor Maymie—I'm sorry. But I knew it all the time. When you are well you are going with me."

And when I was well I did go with him—to the ends of the earth, sacrificing everything a woman holds dear, only to learn that it was all a clever game, that Captain Strong was after, not me, but my half million dollars' worth of jewelry.

We decided to elope to Japan. Captain Strong had left France without leave, and was being sought by General Corbin, the Adjutant-General. So we went to San Francisco secretly, assuming the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hastings, and taking with us eighteen trunks, five dogs and two servants. I will tell later something of our experiences on this flight across the continent.

When we arrived in Japan we set about finding a home for our honeymoon at once. Captain Strong had a little money. He explained that he could not draw his army pay, as he was, practically, a deserter, and that it had not been safe for him to get any from his family—but that he would later. I had plenty for a while, however, something like fifty thousand dollars in cash.

We found a house on the bluff outside Yokohama, a beautiful little place-bungalow, that had been built for King Edward when he visited Japan as the Prince of Wales. We paid \$300 a month rent for the house, which included beautiful furniture, which we soon supplemented with rare ivories, carvings and other beautiful things.

When I paid my first visit to the place, after Captain Strong had arranged the lease, the door was opened by the latest little Japanese-maid servant I had ever seen. I fell in love with her on the spot and adopted her. Later I brought her to the States with me, and she has been a my kamote ever since. She is married now to a wealthy Japanese in New York. Her name then was Yori Komatsu.

We gave many beautiful banquets at our house on the bluff. Captain Strong liked playing host—with my money—and he had many friends in Japan. He had begun negotiations with the army authorities, through his family, for a discharge, and was able to see his friends and entertain them. Our house became the Mecca of diplomatic officials and tourists. One of our entertainments was a wonderful Roman dinner—served after the vogue of Nero, beginning at sundown and lasting through three whole days and nights. To this we invited many fascinating people, some of the stage beauties then visiting in Japan, some of the younger diplomatic men and some of the Europeanized Japanese officials.

We all dressed in Japanese costumes. The rarest of wines and cordials were served, and to each guest Captain Strong and I gave a little diamond as a favor. The dinner cost us something like \$20,000.

We spent a great deal of time running about in Jiu-riokan, visiting the old temples and being entertained by the European colonists. Captain Strong was everything a sweetheart-husband should be. He could not hold himself from spending money, and I gave him freely of what I had. When he couldn't think of anything else to do he would walk into a cafe, shoot out all the lights and tell the proprietor to send a bill for the damages to me. I paid, and thought it was great fun. Once to amuse him I put on all my jewels and rode along Theatre street in Yokohama during a temple celebration blaring with diamonds and pearls and rubies.

When we began to run out of money the Captain came to me one day and said he knew a friend who had plenty, but who was not close enough to him to make him a loan. If I would let him take a jewel or two, he said, he would pawn it with this friend and recover it later when his money came from the States. I told him to take whatever he wanted. He took the \$50,000 diamond necklace Captain Holford had given me and went away with it. He came back later with \$8,000, saying he had pledged the necklace with his friend for what he thought we would need. Later I discovered that he had sold the necklace to a Japanese who had only \$9,000 to his name. Captain Strong told him to produce the money and he wouldn't bother about going any further.

That was the beginning. It was not long before my last little diamond had gone, transmuted into money, into Captain Strong's pocket.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)



The Cute Little Face With a Cute Little Hat, Built to Dress It Harmoniously.

"My Face Is My Fortune, Sir," She Said, Just as True of Women Now as Ever She Explains, Telling What They Should Do to Make the Best of It

LADY DUFF GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff Gordon's Paris establishments bring her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff Gordon

It occurred to me when I was writing last week about the danger of undressed faces and their revelations of the female form not always divine, that a subject of fully equal importance is the dressing of the face.

Now, no one can lay the charge that the undressed face is immodest. Of course, certain Eastern peoples have thought so, notably the Turks—but the new freedom has, even in Turkey, allowed women to reveal her head from the shoulders up, without the old charge of immodesty being brought. These matters are, after all, so much a matter of geography.

The undressed face can, I repeat, never be really immodest—if you use that word in the sense of too great attraction, wantonness, provocativeness and, greatest of all sins, disharmony.

The dressings of a face are: Hair, bonnets, caps, veils, feathers, jewels, head-dresses, strands of various ornamental materials, ear pendants, necklaces, collars and wigs.

With all these we strive to bring out the beauties of the face, accentuate them, call attention to them—or, conversely, use them to hide and diminish faults. And so it is upon the face that we should give the most careful thought. The face is the visible expression of the mind within. More women have passed muster with pretty faces and not so pretty bodies than have those with beautiful bodies but unattractive faces. Again, we see by this how really important the face is.

But we have other evidence.

"Gilt then up the light of thy counte-

nance upon us," says the Old Testament. "He had a face like a benediction," says Cervantes.

"If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

sings Pope, in his "Rape of the Lock."

"There is a garden in her face,"

"Where roses and white lilies show;

"And heavenly Paradise is that place,

"Wherein all pleasant fruits grow,"

runs the old song with Richard Allison's lovely Old World music.

"The human face divine," is Milton's contribution, and Goldsmith sings:

"Well had the boding tremblers learned to track

"The day's disasters in his morning face."

Which is just why the face must be dressed; that is—so no disasters of any kind may show.

The rules for dressing the face are really very simple. They can be formulated thus:

To strive for absolute harmony between the face—and by the face I take down as far as the shoulders—and that with which it is decorated.

To use nothing which will not further express the actual charms of the face or hide its imperfections.

Over-elaboration of any kind is vulgar, and no, as I am writing for people of taste, I need not go into this further.

A Study by Lady Duff Gordon in Harmonies Between a Hat and a Face Whose Somewhat Broad Lines It Is Designed to Soften.



Another Study by Lady Duff Gordon in Large Hats.



The attainment of harmony is where the real study and art enter. One so often sees those hideous architectural concoctions in which Gothic and Renaissance, Roman, Elizabethan and mid-Victorian, and heaven knows what else are piled within one house, or, as I suppose it is called, mansion. These are hideous. Each one of the elements by themselves may be beautiful—but the disharmony in combination is shocking.

So it is of faces. There are rather heavy Gothic types, clever Renaissance types, Gothic, oval Italian faces, blue-eyed, rounded beauties—women dark and light, tender and strong faced; more types in-

ded in the human house than ever there were in the structures of stone and water and brick.

And all these faces have decorations in harmony—if the owners will only seek them out.

In the pictures I am sending you is a better object lesson as to this harmony than any words of mine could convey. Yet her brooding, serene, somewhat sorrowful charm is interpreted, enhanced, keyed up as it were, by the exquisite head-dress and by the few long strands of pearls about her neck.

And in the picture of the girl with the big hat note how its lightness softens what would otherwise be a face slightly inclined to heaviness. The draped feather, the curves of the shape, the dimensions—all serve to diminish any heaviness and to transform it into a molting sweetness.

In the chic little bonnet is a girl with a perfect profile. It is what you call in the States a cute face—nose a trifle upturned, rosy-lip. And the silhouette of the hat is in perfect harmony with this royness.

These are object lessons, each in perfect taste.

But if you were to cut out the large hat and place it upon the girl with the upturned nose you would see a most remarkable clash.

The somewhat sharp little profile would have its sharpness accentuated. The fine spirit of royness would be lost. The whole effect would be commonplace.

And, conversely, the cute little hat upon the larger girl would cause the illusion of almost unpleasant heaviness.

While either hat upon the wistful beauty would be grotesque.

And always be sure, just as in your dress, to be independent of what is called the style. Seek that which will express your own self. Do not be a slave.

Of course, the very first thing to concentrate upon is the crowning beauty which nature has given women—her hair. It makes my heart ache when I see so many women who possess a hair treasure not knowing what to do with it or doing the wrong thing with it. The arrangement of one's hair can turn what would otherwise be a commonplace face into one of real charm, interest and beauty. I have known great beauties to be turned out of comparatively ugly ducklings just by a happy arrangement of the coiffure.

Very earnestly then ought a woman strive to discover just what treatment of her tresses makes her look her prettiest.

There are some faces which look best with the sleek, tightly drawn coiffure. But when this mode suddenly went into fashion I was shocked to see the different types of facial architecture, all of whose owners blindly followed the mode. The tightly drawn hair is not a dressing for any face inclined at all to heaviness. It is only charming for the small-headed, small-featured type of girl—and very few of these.

In the same way the bobbed hair is very pretty for a certain type, but when the bobs came into vogue thousands of perfectly good faces were turned into something at which to shudder.

It is essential for a woman to know herself and know what makes her look the best. To those who have time—and surely every woman can find some time—I would advise long and deliberate study at her mirror. I would collect and have before me pictures, of dozens of different ways of doing the hair, and I would create from them an arrangement which would be the most charming for myself. Once a woman strikes herself of the idea of fashion and of the absurd notion that she has to follow a mode she will have no trouble in determining what is the best arrangement of her hair for herself.

Dare to be individual.

I trust that I make myself clear. And that with this necessarily brief explanation I will be understood. All that I have said about hair applies equally to all decorations. I do not object, either, to the tasteful, tactful use of rouge, and so on, to help the harmonious and delicate. But just as her is dangerous because nothing is more dangerous than unskillful use of these adjuncts.

Nevertheless, as the old nursery rhyme has it:

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

And this will largely true. Therefore, learn to dress your faces.

"Your Face-And How to Dress It"
by
Lady Duff Gordon



The Wistful Face With Elaborate, but Not Too Elaborate, Dressing. By Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile).

White's Secret—by David Whitelaw

CHAPTER XIX (Cont'd).

The Rescue.

THE solicitor ordered a cab to be ready in half an hour, and, his tea finished, sat gazing out on to the stables of the "Crown" and listening to the sounds of it, the hissing of the boiler as he rubbed down the horse, his guttural admonitions to the animal as he led him across the cobbles with harness tangling, jangling, and lashed him between the shafts of the crazy old landau in which Robert was to make the journey to Mayfield.

Then the seller, throwing his cap into the harness room, took down a battered silk hat from its peg, and placing it tenderly on his head, changed from office to coachman, and presenting himself at the open window, intimated that all was ready.

But when the express for London left the station at Mayfield, Robert Baxter was not among the passengers, for events had happened which had considerably altered that gentleman's arrangements. At the time the train left, he was moodily pacing the High Street of the manufacturing town in the vicinity of the Post Office.

Every ten minutes or quarter of an hour he entered the ugly red brick building and inquired anxiously if a telegram had arrived for him, and at last his impatience was rewarded. He crossed over to the light that struggled in at the long dirt-encrusted windows, and eagerly tore open the buff envelope. The message was quite short:

"Leaving Euston seven, arrive eight-thirty."

Robert glanced up at the clock which hung in the centre of the great bare wall, and saw he had the better part of three hours in which to kick his heels in Mayfield. A warm, drizzling rain had commenced to fall, and he made his way to the comfortable inn in the market square where he had been deposited by the cab which had conveyed him from Barchester. He drew up a chair close to the old-fashioned bow window and sat looking out through his blurred pane across the deserted square.

At the best of times an unattractive town, it was on this particular evening its most cheerless mood. The factories, the tall chimneys, the stacks of which showed above the houses of the market place, were sending out shrill sirens-shrieks to tell their workers that the hour of release had come and that they were free to attend to their personal affairs.

Below him in the street a few miserable figures shuffled past, or from the doorway of a shop opposite surveyed the weather.

A moment, and the square teemed with life, men and women, children, and plumed, hurried past, their shoulders bent to match their pace, their faces set in grimaces of effort, their feet clattering on the wet cobbles.

With the coming of darkness the scene grew more and more dreary. Little patches of blurred light flickered out from the public houses across the street, and the houses surrounding the Town Hall loomed a shapeless mass through the curtain of sooty rain. A clock in the neighbouring street chimed dolefully seven times, and Robert, with a little shiver, rose and pulled down the blind, as though to shut out the some of sordid equal.

He rang and ordered a whiskey-and-soda and told himself, when he had finished it, that he felt considerably better. He would take the opportunity of writing to Stella. It was fortunate for her peace of mind and his own independence of action that the girl was that week playing in the west of England and would not be expecting to see him. Robert hoped that he would be able to see his affair with Darlin through to its conclusion without her needing to know or worry her. He had written to it at all. Any anxiety she may have felt when she did not receive a letter at the theatre was now happily dispelled by the telegram he had sent her on reaching Barchester the next afternoon.

At 8 o'clock he ordered supper to be served in a private room in an hour, and, dropping Stella's letter in the box as he went through the hall, he left the room. The rain had now ceased and the night was taken on a more cheerful appearance, and as the solicitor, who had been waiting down to the station his spirits rose accordingly.



sion of strength, an impression which grew stronger when one had time to notice the length of arm, the depth of chest, and the way the short neck sat on the square shoulders. His face, while pleasing in expression, had no pretense to good looks; the eyes were small and gray, but they shone out merrily beneath the bushy tufts of eyebrow, the heaviness of which was intensified by their being the only hair on his face.

He sprang out with a cheery salutation as he caught sight of the solicitor among the throng on the platform.

"Quick work, Baxter—now, what's the trouble? No, I haven't any luggage—only this," and he held up his suitcase.

Robert linked his arm affectionately in Berwick's and led him to a cab, and within the half hour they were sitting down to—and doing full justice to—the excellent supper which the host of the "Three Pigeons" had prepared for them.

When they ate, the solicitor recounted the whole history of the Darlin affair. His companion listened in silence. Robert, as before, was precise and he marshalled his facts plainly, and questions on the part of his hearer were not necessary. He showed him also the few scraps of burnt papers which he had rescued from the fireplace in the study at Adderbury Towers.

The narrative was interrupted by the waiter clearing the table, and when the coffee and cigars were brought in, and the men were alone again, the solicitor went on: "I was coming on to London to consult you. I reckoned on your being a bit anxious after my letter."

"I was, I called at the office—Carrle was expecting you and sent a wire to the Towers. I waited for the reply; it was quite satisfactory, and said that you were prolonging your visit. Of course, it doesn't take much intelligence to guess what that reply was."

Robert Baxter nodded grimly. "The only that reply. Well, I was saying, I was on my way to London when I ran across a bit of information here that altered the complexion of things a little. The cab I drove over in from Barchester put us here, and I remembered, when I saw the sign-board, that I had called here with Darlin and Haverton when we motored over to golf on Sunday."

"The 'Three' were evidently his fine memory and he nodded to me as I entered and, thinking that perhaps I might improve the occasion, I stopped and chatted with him for a moment. I might say that the car with the two precious rascals from the Towers had passed through the town on Monday night and had pulled up here. They had had a drink in the bar, and they had looked at the large road map in the hall, and one of them had asked how far it was to Doncaster."

"And how far is it?"

"Seventy miles, I should say—there or thereabouts. I know the car they were using, a great six-wheeled affair. I would not put that distance in no time. That decided me. As they went north, it seemed a waste of time for me to go south; hence my wire. I'm rather anxious to come to grips with Mr. Darlin."

The investigator nodded his approval. "You did quite right, Baxter; we're not far behind them now. Just touch that bell, will you, and ask that antiquated waiter to let us see a map."

And when it was spread out on the table before them:

"Those thin of charred paper you showed me seem to point to France, don't they? I'm afraid they're useless unless further than that they show us that your man is acquainted with the French language. I expect, when he said to you that they were crossing the Channel, he wasn't far from the truth, only I should say that they altered their plans and chose the North Sea. You see here, and Berwick placed his index finger on the map. 'Either Google or Hull would suit their purpose.'"

"Google is only a few miles off Doncaster, and there are boats going from there to the Dutch ports continually; from any of these they could reach Paris."

"You think they've gone there, then?"

Berwick gave a little laugh and shrugged his shoulders. "It's a shot in the dark—but it's really surprising how many foolish ideas a bee has for that city. Paris and Brighton are the two places I always get into touch with as soon as possible when I am after some one. There are rascals enough and to spare in Montmartre and the Quartier. Given a knowledge of the language, there are few better places to hide in than Paris."

"You see, it will take them a little longer, via Holland, and I'll wire through to France tonight, to a friend of mine in the police, to keep an eye on the arrivals. They won't expect anybody on their heels yet."

The two men, having seen to the sending of the telegram, sat late

over their cigars, but were early astir the next morning and pursuing their inquiries in the ancient city of Doncaster. The car, by reason of its size, was not hard to trace, and they ran it to earth in the garage of the "George."

The gentlemen who had left it, the proprietor of the hotel informed Baxter, had expressed their intention of returning for it in a day or two. They had not done so.

The hours spent in Doncaster by the two men, making inquiries, had no result, and later, at Google and at Hull, their questions received no satisfactory answer. Berwick knew that there were many of the smaller craft which crossed the North Sea which did not officially carry passengers, but he also knew that some captains did not disdain to earn a pound or two did the occasion serve. On the subject, however, they were discreetly quiet.

In this way the best of two days was wasted, and Berwick began to have doubts as to whether the men they were after had really left the country. It was after mid-day on Friday when a reply came from Monsieur Brieux, his friend in Montmartre, stating that two arrivals by the Amsterdam train had borne some resemblance to the telegraphed details. M. Brieux added that this was strong enough to warrant his having their movements watched.

The message was vague enough, but it was sufficient to determine the movements of Baxter and his companion. The deadlock with which they had been faced at the ports of the Humber had made

them greedy for action. The telegram had been sent to the Post Office at Hull, and there was ample time to reach King's Cross in order to catch the boat train from Victoria.

Chapter XX.

At the Hotel d'Ecclair.

M. Brieux stroked his pointed beard and looked through his pince-nez at Silas Berwick.

"Oh, yes, my friend, I was glad to get your telegram. I cannot forget how you, as you say, 'saved my bacon' over the Bonitet affair. I have ever since longed for the time when I could in some way repay the debt."

Berwick bowed. "Yes," went on the police officer, "your message came just in time; your men, or whom I think are they, arrived Friday morning—that is, yesterday. I am sorry to say that my man has let them slip him."

"Then they are lost again?" Berwick's voice showed a great disappointment.

M. Brieux gave an expressive shrug of the shoulders. "I did not say that; neither is it but momentary. They put up at the little Hotel d'Ecclair, over near Luxembourg. Their luggage is still there, and the proprietress says they will return. We will go there together now. She is a friend of mine."

They entered between the trees in big green trees and were met by the proprietress, who, on recognizing M. Brieux, smiled her welcome. Like all Frenchwomen of her class, she was a creature of the emotions, and the visit of the distinguished policeman to her hotel evidently pleased her. There would be much to talk of to the patrons who would soon be straggling in to take their departure at midnight. Brieux showed their line of white-clothed emptiness to the back of the room between the lines of faded mirrors.

She required but little persuasion to tell all she knew of the movements of her guests. Monsieur was right—yes—they had arrived yesterday at ten o'clock; she remembered the time—yes—for it was at that moment that Jules had broken the big soup-tureen—ten

france it had cost at the new china shop in the Rue Richelieu.

Her guests? Ah—yes—their luggage had been delivered an hour later, and an hour after that they had left the hotel, using the door that led out into the little impasse. They had taken a bottle of wine—yes—at that table farthest from the door, but they had eaten nothing.

They had said they would return—no, monsieur, they had stated no time. Their luggage was in their room, and Monsieur and his friends like to see it? And might she ask the gentlemen to take a glass of wine, just a petit verre?—no—then would they follow her?

The proprietress walked behind the counter, laden with its crockery and fruit, and selected a key from a board on which were rows of hooks containing other keys; then made her way up the dark and winding staircase to the second floor, unlocking and holding open the door for the three men to enter. It was an ordinary room, such as one finds in hotels of this class all over Paris. A large mahogany red-velvet bed took up fully half of the polished floor, the other furniture consisting of a miniature washstand and a few chairs. A mirror, its gilt frame swathed in dingy muslin, hung on the wall opposite the door.

The window, which opened inward, looked out on to the corner, and between two houses a little glimpse of the green Luxembourg Gardens was visible.

That the late occupants did indeed intend to return was obvious, for a kit-bag and suitcase were standing in the corner by the bed. These were locked and very heavy. M. Brieux advised that they be left as they were; it would not do to tamper with them and arouse suspicion. He had put one of his assistants on to watch for the men's return—a reliable person, this time—who would also watch the door of the passage.

Monsieur Brieux led them between the little tables to the door and bowed them out. It had been no trouble—no—he had only been too delighted to aid monsieur. The waiter—doubtless the Jules of the tureen incident—bowed also, and then M. Brieux and his companion entered the waiting face and rattled away.

Baxter and Berwick took rooms for themselves in a comfortable hotel in the Boulevard St. Michel, and during the day and night within doors. M. Brieux had promised to let them know at the earliest moment after the return of the men. However, and the lights of the cafes somewhat then twinkled out invitingly, the restraint became irksome, and at 10 o'clock, leaving word where they were to be found, they went out on to the gaily lighted thoroughfares and to supper at the Cafe d'Harcourt.

Perhaps there were few better places from which to watch the varied life of the Quarter than from this lively little cafe-restaurant, where the chairs and tables stand out on the boulevard, and extend down the street as far as the Place de la Sorbonne. Both then, in a never-ending stream, the denizens of the district pass the repass—merry bands of bearded students off to their dinner at their own particular little bachelors, or on their way to the Bullier.

There was a dash of Baxter and Berwick sat out at a corner table enjoying the life around them and the cool air of the evening. From within the cafe the small orchestra was playing a popular waltz, and the melody reached them in little snatches, mixed with the clatter of crockery and the laughter of the diners. There was little traffic on the boulevard, save the dainty double-decked steam-trams and taxis and facies bearing their patrons off to their pleasures. Beyond the railings opposite the trees of the Gardens made a green-greyness against the summer sky.

There were dark little openings over the way, too—tortuous, narrow, and the street—and a few doors up one of these the men could see the corner windows of the Hotel d'Ecclair. They felt that they had external discussion on what it could be that had taken their quarry away from Paris. To soon after their arrival—that was, presuming that they had left Paris.

That there was something further in the Dartigny inheritance than the money was a matter of obviousness. He did not think for one minute that the chest had contained enough valuables to tempt the most Monte Cristo-like existence which Septime Darlin had led at Adderbury Towers.

Moreover, the man had been so sure of his money, his inheritance—in fact, the only time Robert remembered his mentioning it was when he had said that he had been presented the solicitor with the necklace, and then it was only to remark on its comparatively little value.

That made them take that roundabout way of getting Berwick? They could have crossed quite safely by the ordinary route."

(Continued on Next Page)

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